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## AT COOPER UNION

Tremendous Outburst of Populism  
at Formal Notification of  
WATSON AND TIBBLES

Cooper Union, the historic monument to the populism of the venerable Peter Cooper, was thronged with thousands of the tried and true, at the formal notification of the people's party candidates for president and vice-president, Watson and Tibbles. Every seat in the historic hall was filled long before the ceremony began. Hundreds of men who have in the past two campaigns been conspicuous "Bryan democrats" were conspicuously in evidence. No small number of the vast throng were women, and their interest in the proceedings recalled to mind the old days of populism, when the valiant women of the land joined in the enthusiasm devoted to the principles of liberty.

A notable feature of the gathering was the rising of the vast audience to cheer the name of the late Henry George, to whose memory Mr. Watson paid an eloquent tribute. The single taxers, the followers of the illustrious Henry George, were much in evidence.

Alfred G. Boulton of Brooklyn, chairman of the meeting introduced Judge George Samuel Williams of Indiana, who in an eloquent speech, teeming with the principles of staunch Americanism, notified Mr. Watson of his nomination.

In addressing Mr. Watson Judge Williams said the convention that nominated him was made up of unselfish, self-sacrificing patriots, who attended and participated in its deliberations solely through a high sense of duty.

The purpose of the convention, he continued, was to take one more step in the evolution of progress, which is to finally bring us to that ideal condition of society where the laborer shall receive the full fruits of his labor, and an injury to one shall be the concern of all.

While the band played "Dixie," and men and women stood upon seats and cheered and waved flags, Mr. Watson came to the front of the platform to make his speech. It seemed as though every person in the building was a devoted follower of the well-known Georgian. It was five minutes before the demonstration quieted down sufficiently to allow Mr. Watson to begin.

His first sentence, delivered in splendid voice, won his hearers, and until his last word applause and cheering interrupted his speech. His fearless utterances, biting wit and ready answer to frequent interruptions made his speech an impressive one to his listeners, and he was cheered again and again after he had concluded.

Mr. Watson wore a black sack coat, dark trousers and a narrow black tie, with a turn down collar. He did not speak rapidly, and his speech occupied more than an hour in its delivery. His gestures were frequent and characteristic. He was perfectly at home with his audience, which was made up of men of all walks of life and political creeds, and his references to government ownership of public utilities and his attacks upon both the republican and democratic parties in the present campaign never failed to win responsive applause.

Mr. Watson referred to William Randolph Hearst, and again the audience rose to its feet cheering. There were hisses for Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Parker, a howl of derision for Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill, and a storm of howls and yells for August Belmont and Senator Patrick McCarren.

"What democratic principle or ideal does the national democratic party, as it is at present constituted, stand for?" asked Mr. Watson.

"None, none," came the answer from all over the hall. "It stands for 'graft,'" came a shout from the back of the hall, and the word was taken up and repeated all over the hall.

"The candidate up the Hudson river, having without trial prejudged the case of the Colorado miners, declares that the origin of the trouble was the use of dynamite by union miners," said Mr. Watson.

At this point there was some confusion and three cheers were called for and given for union labor.

Mr. Watson spoke as follows:

In this era when so many men wear their political beliefs loosely, in this time when the voter who went to bed a democrat—having prayed for free silver before closing his eyes—awakes in the morning and finds himself under the necessity of clothing himself in the irrevocable gold standard, or of having no democratic garments to wear—it is something to be able to say, I belong to a party which has never struck its flag, which will not desert its creed, which stands today just where it stood on the day of its birth, which glories in its principles in the hour of defeat, which believes it has a message to mankind and a mission to perform, and which will never cease the struggle to restore our government to the democratic ideal of the wise men, the good men, the great men who framed it.

Unless I am entirely mistaken, there was never a time when the plain people of America were so dissatisfied with the conditions and the tendencies which prevail. There is unrest, distrust, grave apprehension everywhere. In vain do the subsidized organs of monopoly preach good times, universal prosperity, general content. Deep down in their hearts the masses of the people feel that the reins of power are slipping out of their hands; that those who fill the high places are not so anxiously concerned about the welfare of the common people as they pretend to be. In spite of all that can be done by a partisan press, the fact can not be concealed from the eyes of the average citizen that the vast preponderance of all the wealth produced in this land is transferred by legalized robbery into the hands of a few; that the courts are run in the

interest of the few; that the law-making power is manipulated by the few; and that while both the old political parties pretend to devote themselves to the interests of the common people, they are both financed by Wall street, both dominated by Wall street, both willing and the servile tools of Wall street.

Tell me that the people of this country are resting easy under conditions like these? Tell me that the confidence game being played upon them by the wily leaders of both the old political parties creates no angry discontent?

The man who comforts himself with that belief has no conception whatever of the true feelings of the American people. Do you need proof that the masses are ready to rush to the support of any leader who is brave enough to challenge the right of the corporations to rule this land?

See how they rallied to W. R. Hearst. Because he had taken sides with the masses, because he was denouncing oppression and pleading for the rights of the common man there was from ocean to ocean an upheaval in his favor which astounded the professional politicians and strained all of the resources of political strategy to defeat that noble-hearted champion of the Jeffersonian democracy.

To every American citizen a question of supreme importance is this: Does the government still represent the ideals of those who framed it? Is it the government which the statesman planned, for which the orator pleaded, and to establish which the soldier shed his blood? Is it still a government of the people? Does it respond to the will of the people? Is its chief aim the welfare of the people? Is it run in the interests of the great mass of its citizens? In other words, is it truly a democratic republic?

From the depths of my heart I believe that such a government is what the American people want and mean to have. I believe that seventy-five per cent of our citizens are firmly wedded to the old doctrines of popular self-government as they were in the days of Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson.

Since human society was organized there has been a constant struggle between two principles of government; one of which seeks to concentrate power, wealth and privilege in the hands of a class; the other which strives to have the benefits of the state shared by all alike.

At the very beginning of our history the two antagonistic principles clashed. The one was represented by Alexander Hamilton, who had no confidence in the people, no love for the people, no sympathy with the people, but who believed that wealth should be taken into co-partnership with the government, given control of its laws, given command of its policies, and thus the favored few, becoming identified with the government, would give it that kind of strength which, according to his theory, it needed. Devoted as he was to the English model, utterly scouting the idea that the people were capable of self-government, he brought all the powers of his magnificent intellect, and of his indomitable energy, to the introduction of measures to evolve the moneyed aristocracy, which, according to his ideal, had the right to govern.

On the other hand came Thomas Jefferson proclaiming the principles of democracy. With the idea of human brotherhood, with a perfect faith in the great body of the people, and with a constitutional love of right and justice which made class legislation abhorrent to him, he challenged the doctrines of Hamilton, and struggled to hold the government true to the principle of equal and exact justice to all men.

Tonight, fellow citizens, I ask you to take this simple question home to your hearts and your consciences. Which is the party, and who is the candidate, that proclaims the principles of Thomas Jefferson, and goes forth to fight for the great mass of the American people? Is it the republican party? How can any sane man an-



Hon. George W. Berge.

The self-made man who does not presume too much upon your tolerance by worshipful remarks of his maker is always a welcome visitor. The subject of this sketch is such a man, and the fusionists of Nebraska are proud that the maker of this self-made man is their standard bearer.

In the year 1864, it was on the 21st of July, as summers ripening breath was just beginning to gild the fields, near the city of Peoria, Ill., a sturdy couple of German stock, embraced each other over the cradle of their second child, to whom they gave the name of George W.

The early life of the child was not materially different from that of the average young American in moderate circumstances. He attended the schools of his district six months in the year, toiling as all such children must toil during the balance of the year. Later on he attended the normal schools at Valparaiso, Ind., and at Dixon, Ill., after which he taught school for a period of six years.

After studying law in the office of S. H. Bethea, now United States district attorney for the northern district of Illinois, and J. W. Watts, who was at that time dean of the law faculty at Dixon, Mr. Berge was admitted to the bar before the appellate court of Ottawa, Ill., in the spring of 1890. Within a few months thereafter Mr. Berge became a resident of Lincoln, Neb., where he has resided ever since, practicing law, and where he has hosts of warm and ardent admirers.

During the early days of Mr. Berge's practice of law, as fees were tardy in coming in, as told in these columns last week by the venerable "Uncle Jake" Wolfe, he found it necessary to return during a part of the time to

teaching. He taught near College View, near Lincoln, for the better part of a year.

Mr. Berge cast his first vote in Nebraska for Hon. John Power for governor and Hon. J. V. Wolfe for treasurer, since which time he has been closely identified with the growth and interests of the people's party. He was the nominee of the fusion forces for congress in 1900, and although defeated, ran ahead of his ticket, especially in Lancaster county, where he received a larger vote even than the Hon. W. J. Bryan. This fact testifies to the esteem in which Mr. Berge is held by those who know him best.

Mr. Berge is a proficient German scholar; a member of the Methodist church, and was during the years 1891 to 1893, inclusive, president of the State Epworth league. He is also a member of the A. O. U. W., Modern Woodmen of America and other like societies.

Mr. Berge was married in 1893, to a popular young woman of Audubon, Ia., with whom he attended college at Dixon, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Berge now live in a comfortable home in Lincoln, which is illumined by the cheer of a bright little boy of sixteen months.

If elected to the office of governor of Nebraska, as is confidently predicted by thousands of republicans all over Nebraska, Mr. Berge will enter that high office untrammelled by bargains or promises. His sterling German integrity, his high honor as a man, his scholarly attainments, and his strong conceptions of official duty and his conscientious devotion to high ideals of government, will make his official life a memorable one in the state of Nebraska.